

Mooreditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauory smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascalliſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to bee bought: an olde Lorde of the counsell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely and in the ſtrete to.

*Prince.* Thou didſt wel, for wiſedom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal*, I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee damnd for neuer a kings ſonne in Chriſtendom.

*Prin.* Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow Iacke?

*Fals.* Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, an I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

*Prin.* I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hal*, tis my vocation *Hal*, tis no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. Enter *Poyneſ.*

*Poyneſ.* now ſhall we knowe if Gads hill haue ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him: this is the moſt omnipotent villaine that euer cryed ſtand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, *Ned*.

*Poyneſ.* Good morrow ſweete *Hal*. What ſaies Monſieur remorſe? what ſaies ſir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? howe agrees the deuill and thee about thy ſoule that thou ſouldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Medera and a cold capons legge?

*Prince.* Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the deuill ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of promiſes: he will giue the diuell his due.

*Sim 12 harm upon me.*

of Henry the fourth.

*Poyneſ.* Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

*Prince.* Elſe he had bin damnd for cooſening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to Canturburie with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues, Gads hill lies to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in Eaſtcheape: we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

*Fals.* Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and goe not, ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Fals.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

*Prin.* Who, I rob? I a thiefe? not I by my faith.

*Fals.* Ther's neither honeſtie, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

*Prince.* Well then, once in my dayes ile be a madcap.

*Fals.* Why that's well ſaid.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, ile tarry at home.

*Fals.* By the lord, ile be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*Prin.* I care not.

*Poy.* Sir Iohn, I prethe leaue the prince and me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhal go.

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, and him the cares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may moue, and what he heares, may be beleeued, that the true prince may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe thiefe, for the poore abuſes of the time want countenance: farewel, you ſhal find me in Eaſtcheap.

*Prin.* Farewel the latter ſpring, farewel Alhallowne ſummer.

*Poyneſ.* Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow, I haue a iealt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falſhalfe, Haruey, Roſſill, and Gads hill, ſhal rob thoſe men that we haue already way-laid, your ſelfe and I will not bee there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head off from my ſhoulders.

B

*Prin.*